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PHENOMENON RESPECTING TIDES.

It has sometimes happened that tides have risen in various places to an unusual height, without any apparent adequate cause, deducible from the relative positions of the moon and the earth. The following is submitted as an explanation of this curious fact:—

If, from the extremities of any given portion of this habitable globe, two strong winds should continue to blow for any considerable time in opposite directions, (for instance, one to the north, and the other to the south,) it is manifest that *that part* of the atmosphere which is contained in the intermediate space, must, by this long continued subduction of its matter, be much lessened in density and weight, and of course the earth or water immediately below it sustain a relative smaller degree of pressure than usual. Now, the quantity of air withdrawn by these contrary winds must necessarily add to the weight of the atmosphere in those places towards which it has been carried. Suppose it, therefore, to press with this additional weight on that part of the ocean on which it rests; much water will of course recede from thence to that portion of the sea which had been lightened of so much of its incumbent atmosphere. It will be impelled hither from two distinct points, by two contrary impulses—viz, from north and south. If this event should happen about the time of high tide, the swell of the sea will be enormous. The mercury will of course sink at the time and place of these unusually high tides; for the air, lessened of its weight and pressure, becomes unable to support it at its average height. Succeeding storms may, in such cases, be expected—for the reflux of the air into that part of the atmosphere which had been stripped of so large a portion of its elastic matter, must be rapid in the extreme, and of course generate tempests and whirlwinds. That contrary currents of air frequently prevail in the atmosphere, at the same time and place, is manifest from the rapid carry of the clouds, which are often seen moving towards diametrically opposite points of the heavens.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE OF CEYLON, ITS VARIOUS USES.

"From Columbo to Tangalle, a distance of one hundred miles along the sea-shore, plantations of cinnamon amidst groves of cocoa-nut trees, skirt the whole coast for ten miles from the bordering of the tide, which laves the very roots of those graceful and indispensable palms, the cocoa-nut being, in reality, the most valuable product of the island. I recollect hearing in Ceylon an enumeration of ninety-nine distinct articles made from this tree; among the principal were—1. *Arrack* (the spirit under this name, made from the cocoa-nut blossom, is far superior to the Batavian arrack, made from Rice), which is distilled from the sweet juice of the incised flower-stock, termed, 2. *Toddy*, in itself a delicious wholesome beverage, when drank fresh drawn before the morning sun has caused fermentation to commence. 3. *Jaggery*, a coarse, strong-grained, but peculiar flavoured sugar, (well adapted for crystallization, or refining in England), made in abundance from toddy. 4. *Vinegar*, equal to any made from white wine, also prepared from the toddy, and used in making exquisite 5. *Pickles* from the young shoots. 6. *Coir* or ropes, so strong and elastic, and having the peculiar property of being best preserved for use in sea water; (hence their adaptation for mooring, and other purposes, to which they are now applied in Mauritius harbour and elsewhere, as also for running rigging in the Indian shipping.) 7. Brushes and brooms of various descriptions.—8. Matting of excellent quality. 9. Rafters for houses. 10. Oil of much value, and now used in England for candles as well as lamps. 11. Gutters or waterspouts, or conveyances, for which the hollow stem or trunk is so well adapted. 12. Thatching for the peasantry; the shady broad leaf being admirably suited for the purpose. To particularize further, would, however, be tedious, suffice it to say, that the natives of the Maldiv islands send an annual embassy to Ceylon, the boats conveying whom are entirely prepared from this tree, the persons composing

the embassy, clothed and fed on its products, and the numerous presents for the governor of Ceylon, are all manufactured from this queen of the palms"—*Martin's British Colonies*.

LUID HEAUN CRUADHTAN FOR DHÍOM-HAOINEAS.*

Some few years since, amongst many passengers that landed from a Liverpool vessel, after a rough voyage, was a sun-burned, well-looking man, seemingly about forty; on coming on shore, he fervently thanked God for again finding himself on Irish ground, adding, that he had trod many a weary step with a heavy heart since he had left it. He accompanied the rest of the voyagers to one of the best inns—the term *hotel* was not then used. On arriving there the head waiter glanced at him with the supercilious expression that is not uncommon even now amongst those gentry—the brethren of the knife and fork—when they suppose the person cannot satisfy their rapacity, and turned him over to the care of an underling, a fine lad. The stranger ordered dinner, and a retired room; and, after dinner, desired the attendant to bring whiskey, lemons, &c., to make punch; saying, it was a long time since he had tasted his native liquor. "Come, my boy, here is a glass of wine for you; you have attended the well, but I am sorry to see one so young in your situation—a bad school for you, how old are you?"

"Fifteen, if you please, Sir, next Michaelmas."

"Ah, my!" exclaimed the stranger with a sigh; "young, indeed, to be left to yourself; have you no friend that could do better for you?"

"My mother is living here also."

"Your mother—that is well; no doubt she is careful of you; and your father—where is he?"

"I never saw him, Sir. My mother says he is dead," replied the lad in confusion.

The stranger concluded from the boy's manner that he was illegitimate, and asked no further. When left to himself he began to think over the events of his past life, and few pass such a retrospect without mixed sensations of weal and woe. "I have had my trials," said he, "who is without them? God be praised for all!—here I am again, a richer man than ever I could have expected to have been; and sweet is the wealth that has been acquired innocently, by honest fair labour, under the help of God. I have now but one wish to have gratified; but on that hangs all my future happiness. If she be dead or married, what will become of me? yet if ever woman was to be trusted it was herself."

Time passed unheeded, as the stranger mused on his own affairs, till the clock striking eleven, roused him.—"Come, there's no use in thinking; a night's rest will do me more good than all my waking thoughts. I will ring for the little waiter; I like that lad, and must not lose sight of him if my own matters go on well. He has a handsome Irish face, with all the freshness of youth and innocence. Alas! I have not seen such for a long time; yet his features are familiar to me too, though I cannot remember who I have seen like him; in a dream, perhaps"—here the lad entered, rubbing his eyes.

"Did you ring, Sir?"

"Ay, my poor child, I have kept you up too long; but all shall be settled tomorrow. Is my luggage in my room?"

"Yes, Sir, and a good fire there."

"Well, my boy, show me the way."

The housemaid, a handsome woman, was settling the luggage as the stranger entered; the lad left the light on the table and withdrew; the housemaid was about to follow—

"That waiter is a fine lad; who is he?"

"My son, please your honour; and, though I say it, a better boy never lived, goodness be praised for it."

"Your son," said the stranger, looking sharply at her;

* Hardship attends idleness.

"why you seem too young to be his mother; you are then married?"

"I am—I was," she replied with a sigh, and moved towards the door.

"Stop a minute; the lad is like you: is he also like his father?"

Instead of replying, she asked whether he wanted any thing more in his room, and was again leaving it.

"Not in such haste," said the stranger; "nay, don't be alarmed. I have taken a fancy to your son, would you let him go with me? I would be careful of him as my own."

"Thank your honour kindly."

"What is your name?"

"Jessy Mahony."

The stranger started; but recovering, asked in a faint voice—

"Is that your husband's name?"

"It is: and a good husband he was; of a poor man, a better never lived."

"I knew one Mick Mahony abroad, perhaps he was your husband."

"Oh, that I could say it was! but that is impossible; I saw his corpse after he was drowned; oh, could I have but one sight of my Mick again, I could die happy."

The stranger caught her in his arms. "Dear Jessy, I am your Mick Mahony. I was not drowned; but Peter Dunne was, that trapped me on board the trading vessel. He took my clothes; but God is just; and Peter got so drunk with the money he got for kidnapping an able seaman, such as I was then, that he tumbled into the Liffey. I saw him fall. Meanwhile Jessy pondered over what she had heard, and knew not what to think. The corpse was in her husband's clothes, but so disfigured from lying in the water, that otherwise she could not have thought it her husband; but then there was no account of him; and the circumstance of a body being found of her husband's size, coloured hair, and in his clothes, made her certain that her poor Mick had perished. She glanced at herself in the mirror. "I might be known for the wife Mick left," she thought, "but can this strange coloured man, with white hair, be my clean-skinned, black-haired, youthful Mick? Though my heart warms to him, I will be cautious. It's not long since Biddy Casey was tricked by a man that set up for her husband, just returned from foreign parts?" Mick Mahony seemed to understand his wife's scruples, and thought how he could remove them.

"Why woman, have you forgotten all your Irish, that I taught you when we were courting, and you but a slip of a girl; do you forget how often you and lame Joan would try to keep me from my work to give you a lesson?"

"I do, I do remember it well, but what did you say to us when you wanted to put off my lesson till evening, when your work would be finished?"

"*Luidheavun cruadhán for dhíomhaoinéas*," said he eagerly.

"My own darlint Mick, and no other," exclaimed Jessy, transported with joy.

HIBERNICUS.

"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."

We have often been astonished, while turning over the pages of the Annuals, that among them all we should meet with so little good poetry, and that the prose pieces should so very generally be without real merit. It would appear, indeed, as though the editors of by far the greater number of them, depended for their success on the excellence of the pictorial department. Now we really cannot see why this should be the case: an entire year is allowed for the selection—and surely, if it were sought for, there would be found talent sufficient to supply the demand of even a greater number of annuals than are now published. We must not be misunderstood, however, as directing our observations to the work before us; on the contrary, we have not in any of the next year's annuals, which we have yet looked into, observed as much of what may be truly termed poetry, as is to be found among the pieces in the "Friendship's Offering;" and while to this we add,

that one or two of the stories are good, and that several of the plates are really beautiful, it will be seen that we award it a high place amongst its competitors for popular favour. The "Client's Story," by no means the worst tale in the volume, is, it will be perceived, imitative, or at least very much in the style of the stories of a Physician in Blackwood. It wants, however, the vigour and feeling of the writer in *Maga*. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry. The engraving from which our wood-cut is taken is very effective:

THORNY-BANK FARM.

About a mile from the king's highway, stood
A pretty farm-house, half embowered in wood.
In front were corn-fields, and behind a grove
Of beech, whose murmurs told the cushat's love;
On this side was the farm-yard, and on that,—
Some fifty yards beyond a verdant plat—
A pond for goose and duckling; there they swam
Down to the sluice which filled the miller's dam—
The snowy gander, with a swan-like pride,
And mother-goose, with goslings by her side.
The roof was thatch, by osiers interlaced;
With climbing shrubs the lattices were graced;
And whoso looked and saw the smoke ascend,
Thought almost how this earth with heaven might blend;
For industry was blessed with sweet increase,
And Love made there abode with plenty and with peace.

James Fleming had two daughters, Jess and Jane:
And, with such treasure, how could he complain,
Although no stalwart son was his, to heir
Paternal fields and in his labours share.
Small had his outset been, when he, on life
Just entered, took Maud Turnbull for his wife;
And now some thirty years had passed away,
On either head the tresses waxing grey,
While sprang beneath their eyes these daughters fair
In age unequal, but a handsome pair,
Loved with o'erflowing love, and nursed with tender care

When life was young with me, a school-boy gay,
There spent I many an autumn holiday;
And roaming idly, mind and body free,
Figured what Paradise of old might be—
As to the evening woodland came along
The reaper's carol, and the milkmaid's song;
While, overhead, the green ancestral trees
Shook their broad branches to the cooling breeze.
Then, home returning, round the cheerful hearth
We gathered, old and young, in smiling mirth,
To listen to the tale, or legend old,
Of love-lorn damsel, or of outlaw bold,
Of burial aisle, and phantom with its shroud,
Which all believing, Jane would read aloud,
For she was younger, and we closer drew,
As through the pane the night-breeze drearier blew,
Then to our sleep went panting; every sound
Seeming to say that spectres flitted round!

Last autumn—now my hairs are sprent with grey—
To Thorny-Bank alone I bent my way,
And gazed around. No Thorny-Bank was there—
But a trim mansion, with its gay parterre
And painted rails;—the pond was now a lake;
And classic swan succeeded homely drake;
Improvement stood on tiptoe stiff and starch,
And here indeed her walk had been a march.
—And ask ye for the Flemings—where were they,
My kind protectors in life's early day?
All gone—A tombstone in the field of graves,
By whose neglected side the nettle waves,
Tells where and when the honest Flemings bade
Adieu to life, and here their dwelling made.
Jess also sleeps beside them; soon or late
Death comes, and hers was an untimely fate:
She never had been strong—and oft the bloom
On woman's cheek speaks louder of the tomb
Than rosy health;—'twas so with her: decay
Marked her an early, and an easy prey;
For slighted love lent, too, a poisoned dart,
And a frail frame contained a broken heart.